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all assembled to witness that helpless child in his agony. One would have thought that even the rough bo'swain's mate would have hesitated* to disfigure skin so white and tender, or that the frightened and imploring glance Tommie cast upward on the first descending lash would have unnerved his arm. Did it? No, reader; pity there doubtless was among us, but mercy — none. Oh! we were a brave band. And the poor boy writhed in his agony; his screams and cries were heartrending; and, God forgive us! we knew not till then he was an orphan, till we heard him beseech his mother in heaven to look down on her son, to pity and support him. Ah! well, perhaps she did, for scarcely had the third dozen commenced when Tommie's cries were hushed, his head drooped on his shoulder like a little dead bird's, and for a while his sufferings were at an end. I gladly took the opportunity to report further proceedings as dangerous, and he was taken away to his hammock.

FOOTPRINTS OF LOVE.

Life beareth many footprints
On the golden sands of time;
Footprints of high and noble deeds,
And, alas! of many a crime,

Footprints of kings and warriors,
Of the conquerors of earth;
Footprints of busy little feet,
Gathering around the hearth.

Footprints of stern, high daring,
And of deeds as soft and mild;
But the sweetest footprints I have seen,
Were those of a little child.

The little steps went in
A dungeon wall'd around;
They went with gathered flowers, to cheer
A prisoner chained and bound.

The little voice was heard
In whispers soft and low;
And the little hand was gently laid
On a dark and troubled brow.

And trembling words lisped forth
The Saviour's precious name,
Till o'er that captive's sullen mood
Repentant feelings came.

And the little steps went out,
But the footprints long remained;
Remained, too, in the softened heart
Of that prisoner bound and chained.

Footprints there are in time,
But not in time alone;
Eternity, in living light,
Those blessed steps will own.

Then, little one, go thou,
And do some loving thing;
Leave footprints on the sands of time,
Whence blessed fruits may spring.

WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The birds, against the April wind,
Flew northward, singing as they flew;
They sang, "The land we leave behind
Has swords for corn-blades, blood for dew."

O wild birds, flying from the South,
What saw and heard ye, gazing down?
"We saw the mortar's upturned mouth,
The sickened camp, the blazing town!"

"Beneath the bivouac's starry lamps,
We saw your march-worn children die;
In shrouds of moss, in cypress swamps,
We saw your dead uncoffined lie.

"We heard the starving prisoner's sighs,
And saw, from line and trench, your sons
Follow our flight with home-sick eyes
Beyond the battery's smoking guns."

And heard and saw ye only wrong
And pain, I cried, O wing-worn flocks?
"We heard," they sang, "The Freedman's song,
The crash of Slavery's broken locks!"

"We saw from new, uprising States,
The Treason-nursing mischief spurned.
As, crowding Freedom's ample gates,
The long-estranged and lost returned.

"O'er dusky faces, seamed and old
And hands horn-hard with unpaid toil,
With hope in every rustling fold,
We saw your star-dropped flag uncoil.

"And, struggling up through sounds accursed,
A grateful murmur clomb the air,
A whisper scarcely heard at first,
It filled the listening Heavens with prayer.

"And sweet and far, as from a star,
Replied a voice which shall not cease,
Till, drowning all the noise of war,
It sings the blessed songs of peace!"

So to me in a doubtful day
Of chill and slowly-greening spring,
Low stooping from the cloudy gray,
The wild-birds sang, or seemed to sing.

They vanished in the misty air,
The song went with them in their flight;
But lo! they left the sunset fair,
And in the evening there was light.

NAPOLÉON. — It seems that a commission was appointed in France to publish the correspondence of Napoleon I.; but his letters revealed such a continued record of selfishness, deceit, and most despicable treachery, that the plan has been abandoned for the present. The history of war and warriors, the staple of nearly all history, is little else than an attempt to palliate and glorify just such wholesale villains as this Napoleon.